

— I SAY HE
STARTED IN YON DAY
TO SEE JUST HOW MUCH
SUSAGE HE COULD EAT,
AND — PAY ATTENTION
TO THIS, ADOLF — DER
LITTLE BOY DIED
BEFORE HALF OF IT
WASS EATEN!



LOVE DOUBLED UP

Holidays were over, and the pupils were back again at their classes, some of them as thick-headed as ever.

"L—i—double-t—l—e, my boy," said the schoolmaster, a trifle sadly—"not l—i—t—t—l—e. I've told you again and again to say 'double so-and-so,' instead of repeating the same sound. Thus we say 'w—double-o—double-l—y,' for woolly. Be careful next time, mind."

Tommy, subdued, promised that he would exercise greater care and endeavor to be a better boy.

But the very next day, when Tommy had to read in a poem the line, "Up, up, my love, the sun is

shining," he created a great sensation by exclaiming:

"Double-up, my love, the sun is shining."

SAME OLD MIX-UP

It's a telephone story again. A few evenings ago a young man had occasion to call up his lady love, and for once he got her without delay.

"Hello!" he whispered softly.

"Yes," came the reply. "Is that you, George?"

"Are you alone, dearie?"

"Yes, darling."

"I wish I were there! If I were, do you know what I should do?"

"No, George; I cannot guess."

Just then the lines became sadly mixed, and what the sweet young thing heard was something like this:

"Well, I'd gull her ears back till she opened her mouth, and then I'd drop a lump of mud in it. If that didn't answer, I'd give her a sound thrashing."

Amy and George don't speak now when they see one another, and a certain farmer, who was talking about a balky mare, wonders why he was advised to "put his arms round her neck and whisper sweet, endearing words of love into her ear."

He (on his knees)—Darling, I love you with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all the strength of my being. She—Are you in earnest, Clarence? He (reproachfully)—In earnest? Do you think I am bagging my trousers in this way for fun?